

## Crabs As Surgeons

THE surrender of limbs is common among crustaceans and crabs. When the limb is damaged the crab breaks it off near the base. A bandaging membrane closes up the wound and prevents bleeding.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the beginning, in 1864, of Sherman's famous march to the sea. Starting from Chattanooga, he cut the Confederacy in twain and hastened its surrender to Grant at Appomattox.

## THE BEAUTY SHOP

## A Story of Romance, Adventure and Laughs

## A Sparkling Tale of Two Countries, in Which the Versatile Hero Wins a Bride Instead of a Fortune.

## THE ACTION SO FAR.

Dr. Arbutus Budd, general proprietor of "The Beauty Shop" and inventor of lotions and beauty concoctions, is artistic but impractical; he would rather play a trombone than collect his bills. His ward, Anna, a charming girl, recommends a manager for the business; his name is Philip Briggs; he talks with Budd, takes the position and discovers that he will have his hands full. Anna, after a while, confesses to her guardian that she is in love. He assumes she is in love with him.

"The Beauty Shop," the play by Channing Pollock and Renold Wolf, has been created into a photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions, direction of Edward Dillon, scenario by Doty Hobart. It is released as a Paramount Picture.

Screen Version Novelized.

By Jane McLean.

M. R. BRIGGS kissed Anna, and Anna, being generous, returned his kisses.

"Dear Phil," sighed Anna.

"Dear Anna," echoed Phil.

Even a beauty shop has its beautiful moments.

Greatly Flattered.

There's an old saying about big oaks growing from little acorns, which must be true because nobody has ever contradicted it. This may seem irrelevant, but it leads to the thought that big businesses may grow from little ideas. At any rate, the suggestion of the trademark duly registered flattered the doctor's pride.

To see his face featured on every bottle of sweetness was an honor

man of his delicate perceptions could appreciate. To be gazed at by millions of beautiful women, to hear his name, Dr. Arbutus Budd, pronounced by millions of debutante lips, ah, that was worth while.

He almost forgave Briggs for daring to aspire to the heart of Anna—almost, but not quite. Spurred on by the appearance of his trademark goods, he began to work hard at his new lotion.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. The doctor made a playmate of his trombone and thus frightened dullness away.

"What a bandmaster he'd make," Briggs volunteered to Anna, "seeing the doctor in his magnificent uniform, wringing the heart out of the trombone."

"I wonder," said Anna, "who the man was who exchanged that uniform for a dozen bottles of perfume?"

"I have often wondered myself," Briggs admitted.

But there is no reason why the reader should wonder. As a matter of fact, the doctor was wrong when he referred to the former owner of that uniform as a baron. There are fewer barons in Spain than snakes in Ireland, but there are hidalgos, and the impoverished barter of fallen grandeur was no less than one of these.

He had a right to call himself the Duke of Sizerella, and alliteratively speaking his native ballad was Bologna, on the beautiful Bay of Biscay.

Bologna is a far, far journey from the metropolises of the new



"I don't know whether you are Coca or Cola," says Dr. Arbutus Budd (Raymond Hitchcock) to Coca (one of the Fairbanks Twins).

world. A quaint city, rich in traditions, boasting many a ruin, proud of the grandees who once

made its name a synonym for all that was best in its high-handed Spanish nobility.

Now and again an inquisitive tourist stumbled on the ancient town and came away charmed with

its simple life and its beautiful women. But the Bolognians did not

## Read This Story Here Day by Day, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures At Leading Theaters

seek notoriety. They were content to dwell in the obscurity their secluded position gave them. True they were on the seacoast, but on a shallow harbor unavailable for large ships. A range of wooded hills lay between them and the railroad, a dozen miles away. Bologna had been made inaccessible by nature to all save those who had a mission there.

Certain families had for generations dwelt on the Bolognian summit of high regard. The Sizerellas and the Maldonados were of these. In times past they amused their less well born neighbors by onslaughts and killings, perpetuating a feud that grew with the years. The common people found a zest in their animosity—it gave them topics of conversation when the season was dull and furnished speculative material not found in politics or bull fights.

Was it any wonder then that even in this prosaic age the old interest survived? Was it to be marveled at that the whole town beheld the departure of the last of the Sizerellas for America, that land of mystery, with tears and regrets?

Perhaps the hideous whose ruined castle looked down on the town did not realize the enormity of his conduct in thus deserting his native town; at any rate he took with him the feud that had lived so long and Bologna became dull and lifeless.

More than one citizen had la-

mented, but none more than Senor Panatella, innkeeper par excellence, owner and proprietor of the Hotel Perfecto and the big smoke in the hostelry business of the whole countryside.

Senor Panatella had a reason for his sorrow. The feud between the Sizerellas and the Maldonados had furnished food for discussion and food for the discussers. It had added a spice, as it were, to menus already justly celebrated.

The very evening of Sizerella's departure, some years before the resourceful Panatella had tendered a banquet inviting Maldonado with the hope of starting a combat at the last moment. He did his best but Spanish courtesy prevailed and Sizerella, last of his line, departed in peace.

In the gloom that ensued, Panatella confided to his daughter, Crema, then thirteen years old, that he lived only for her sake. Little Crema blushed in Spanish, and proceeded to grow up into the homeliest child in the kingdom. As her features developed year by year her father gazed at her like one in a trance. If he had thought of suicide before, it seemed inevitable to him every time he cast his eyes on his budding daughter.

Crema was snub-nosed, small-eyed, heavy-lipped, and inclined to avoid looks about the cheeks. She wore her hair after a fashion that would have caused a riot in Dr. Budd's Beauty Shop. These were handicaps enough, but she had that most dreadful attributes of the homely girl.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## FALLACIES OF SUCTION

By Garrett P. Serviss

FROM Berkeley, Calif., comes a call for help from a man who says he has been unable "in a heated argument" to convince his opponents, all members of a motorcycle club, that when the piston in the cylinder connected with the flutter-valve is drawn downward, causing a lower pressure in the cylinder, the air outside, having a greater pressure, pushes the valve open and rushes in to fill the partial vacuum formed behind the re-creating piston.

His adversaries maintain that the motion of the piston creates a "suction," which pulls the fluttering valve inward, and so opens the way for the air to enter. The appalling attitude by the argument is indicated by the correspondent's statement that he writes in pencil because there is no ink at hand, and he doesn't want to lose a moment in getting the subject up for adjudication. The energy expended in getting warm over such matters is not wasted. On the contrary, if arguments of the kind were more common there would be less waste of energy and of money upon futile "inventions," or machines that won't work.

As far as mere riding on his motorcycle is concerned, of course it doesn't make any difference whether a man believes that the flutter-valve is actuated by "suction" or by atmospheric pressure; but it makes a very great difference if he wishes really to understand the working of the mechanism, or if he is going to try to invent something himself.

The correspondent who says despairingly that he "has run out

of proofs in trying to explain that so-called suction is only a movement of air caused by a difference in atmospheric pressure, and that the force to open a valve is caused by pressure outside the valve and not suction inside the valve," is clear-headed and right in his contention, and one may well hesitate about attempting to argue by virtue of its constant arguments than he has already put forth without producing the desired conviction.

The difficulty may lie in a false conception of the nature of suction. People are apt to think that suction is itself a kind of force, a notion that arises from the muscular movements of the lips and mouth in the act of sucking. If you purse up your lips, making a round hole for the air to enter and at the same time by an instinct acquired in babyhood, expend your lungs and air passages, this makes room for the outside air to crowd in by the liver and constant pressure, which amounts to nearly fifteen pounds per square inch over the whole surface of the body. The expansion of the cavities within reduces the pressure there, and the air rushes in to restore equilibrium.

You will find that you cannot make the least effort at "suction" without expanding the lungs by means of the muscles of the chest and diaphragm, and that this expansion is the first step toward the drawing of air, while no such drawing is possible without the expansion, with which the lip and mouth muscles have nothing to do except preparing an open way for the air to come in when room has been made for it.

The application of what has just been said about physiological "suction" to the similar action seen in pumps of all kinds ought to be plain to anybody. The air is the all-pervading agent for the distribution of pressure because, being a gaseous substance, it exerts equal pressure in all directions while enveloping everything on the earth's surface.

## KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels. There's no need of having a sallow complexion—dark rings under your eyes—pimples—a bilious look in your face—dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action yet always effective. They bring about that natural buoyancy which all should enjoy by toning the liver and clearing the system of impurities.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are known by their olive color. 15c and 30c.

**Dr. Edwards' OLIVE Tablets**

## For Spare Moments

By W. A. McKeever.

THERE is in our cities a great daily army of young people who spend hours going and coming to their place of study or employment. What is your young son, your young daughter, doing to improve this valuable "travel period?" In a half-dozen years the computer may complete a course of education," said a twenty-three-year-old electrician, who held up to my view a correspondence study text-book on electricity.

"I had to quit at the end of my high school course five years ago," said he. "But I have made this old street car my college since that time and am getting ahead with the course."

This bright young electrician, with his idea of the street car as a college, set me to thinking and inquiring as to the masses. Among other instances I have found:

Many young people who put in the morning hours on the street car merely making merry.

Many who sit in a kind of stupid indifference to their entire surroundings.

A considerable number who carefully prepare one or more high school lessons while en route.

A few who read carefully chosen books and magazines, evidently with a thought of improvement rather than entertainment.

A few—girls, of course—who pursue some crocheting or fancy needlework. To them the street car is a pleasant workshop.

And, finally, parents, if you live in suburban districts and your child is one of the throng that must pass about a fourth of a lifetime as commuters, remind him that the street car may become his "college" and help him start something worth while to do while aboard this moving school. Probably this morning period, after a brief practice, will prove to be his very best opportunity for study.

## WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle

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ON the morning after the sad flasco of getting help from Carl Booth I awoke to the problem which, strangely enough, had not kept me sleepless all the night long. The Star advertising account had to be paid. The bills that were piling up all about me, and that seemed on the verge of snowing A. L. Harrison & Co. under, must be met, but I hadn't a cent.

I reviewed my situation in the forenoon when I'd think of some one to whom I could go, remember some method which I hadn't considered.

Cut off from Pat by my quarrel with Virginia, unable in dignity and decency to ask anything further of Carlotta, who had so generously opened her home to me, there was actually no one left in the city to whom I could go.

Betty, Terry, Tony, and Tom are all out of reach, even if I felt it fair to bother them.

The Tallman Lane Cosby once gave me a lock in the safe at Dreamworld, and, supposing I could persuade myself to ask Virginia for it, Lane couldn't get aid to me in time to do any good. The Pettinings are as far away as the Cosbys.

"In this crisis of your affairs," I told myself, "you're all alone and strictly on your own."

There didn't seem one thing for me to do. And yet I knew that I would have to contrive something—or permit to go to the wall the business from which I hoped so much help would come to Jim.

I'm glad to realize that in my most desperate moment I didn't feel a flicker of regret because I hadn't asked Carl to help me.

I'd been fair to Carl. Now how could I be equally fair to myself and my business? As I dressed to go down to the office, which began to seem doubly and triply important in my life as it began to seem more and more dubious if I could keep it, I started wondering what Jim would do in my place—that Jim would have done last night had he been I?

"The Cordovas," I muttered with a startled feeling that Jim would always find some one to help him—some one to use—in a crisis. "I wonder if he's being fair to them?"

Realizing that I was letting worry make me bitter and vindictive and morbid as well, I caught my mind back from its dangerous meanderings and pondered my immediate problem studiously as I finished dressing.

"How shall I get money? How shall I make good by promise to send my check to the Star?" And after that how can I get more money—enough to pay my bills?"

Bitterly I went over and over these unanswerable questions, realizing that if Dick West hadn't set fire to my apartment and done me out of my rent check from the sub-letting tenant, I wouldn't be facing this blank wall. Defeat by Dick West was unthinkable. Just as I was starting wearily and half-heartedly for the breakfast room, the telephone rang and a moment later Carlotta's voice sounded across the hall telling me I was wanted on the wire.

Hopefully I lifted the receiver. It might be Tom. It might be Evvy returning from the vain mission to capture Dick West on the long trail northward to the town where he and Dad Lee had first met. But the first syllables greeting told me how vain my hopes had been.

"Hello, Anne—Daisy speaking," came the half-silly, half-pert voice of my ex-protege. "I must see you on a matter of grave importance. Will you drop by the office on your way downtown?"

"I don't see how I can make it," I began, but Daisy broke in authoritatively.

"I think you'd better. I can't say more. I wouldn't be saying this much because of any personal axe to grind. It's to your interest to come, I assure you."

Something in her tone carried conviction. Besides, I was ready to grasp at any straw today.

I hurried down the steps, pulling on my gloves as I went. And as I went through the familiar motions of getting ready for a consideration of why Daisy had demanded my presence to my own demand for the elusive root of all evil, my eyes suddenly focussed on my right hand. There was the pearl ring which I automatically slip on whenever Daisy Condon comes along to remind me of the jewel and Daisy let her passion for valuables run away with her—and it.

The pearl ring! It represented a large sum of money. It was the only thing I had on which money could be realized. It was also all that reminded me of the beautiful gifts I'd once received from Jim.

It was his first gift.

As those thoughts darted through my mind, I realized what I had to do. I fought against it for a moment, even though I recognized that better people than I have been driven to the precise course I was heading for.

## Courageous Spirit

By Beatrice Fairfax.

THERE is an old legend that whoever slept on Lycorea, one of the two summits of Mount Parnassus, became either inspired or mad.

The meaning of this legend has always seemed to me to be merely this: When it comes to a difficult test the strong will come out inspired with new strength and powers, while the weak will lose what little poise and sanity and strength he has.

I know a woman who has been tried. Life has not dealt gently with her, but most of her troubles come from her own nature and her own way of meeting her problems. She has never flung back her head and come out to grapple with difficulty. But instead, lowering her head sadly, she has looked down, contemplating her own misfortune.

Perhaps if she had once looked ahead and tried to solve her own problems they would have been conquered. But she has always waited for things to work out, for some miracle to bring her happiness, for what she feels is a square deal.

Suppose a coward slept in a house reputed to be haunted. Is there a chance in the world that he wouldn't see all sorts of terrible spectres? And the fact that they were conjured up by his imagination wouldn't make them any the more endurable or any the less terrible to deal with. He, like the fabled wretch who slept on Lycorea, would come out of his ordeal mad.

But suppose a man of strength and sanity spent a night in a "haunted house." Human imagination might be put to a strain by creaking doors and branches swaying in the wind and tapping against window panes. But calm sanity would be able to arrive at some explanation for most of the terrifying noises.

"The living sense grows by exercise." And so by enduring and clearing the way sanely man comes into his strength.

After all we are not taxed beyond our strength. Sometimes we think situations are too hard to bear. But almost invariably when we meet them sanely the difficulties sink away.

To go to the mountain top and to sleep there in storm and cloud is the portion of any courageous soul. Even cowards are sometimes forced to do this. And the choice we all have is how staunchly we shall endure and what we propose to let our struggle bring us—not what we shall let it do to us.

ADVERTISEMENT.

## How to Rid the Arms of Objectionable Hairs

(Aids to Beauty)

A simplified method is here given for the quick removal of hairy or fuzzy growths and rarely is more than one treatment required: Mix a stiff paste with some powdered delatone and water, apply to hairy surface and after 2 or 3 minutes rub off, wash the skin and every hair has vanished. This simple treatment cannot cause injury, but care should be exercised to get real delatone.

## BOBBIE AND HIS PA

By William F. Kirk

WEN me & Pa was talking a walk last night after school, we came to where sum little boys was playing catch.

Bobbie, sed Pa, let us pause here for a minnit, sed Pa, this site wich we see here, sed Pa, reminds me strangely of my vanished boyhood, sed Pa. I was a grate ball player in my kid days, sed Pa.

I believe you, I sed. You may well believe me, Bobbie, sed Pa. They used to send for me from miles around, sed Pa, whenever the kids had a tuff game on & wanted a extra good pitcher, sed Pa.

I didn't say no moar, becaus wen Pa is telling about how good he used to be it is a good skeem to act jest like I believe him, so we walked a littel ways further & we came to sum boys playing leap frog. One of the boys was a awful good jumper.

Bobbie, sed Pa, wen I was the age of that kid, sed Pa, I could jump like a kangy-roo, sed Pa.

What is it, a kangy-roo? I sed. It is a kind of animile wich lives in Australy & New Zealand, etc., sed Pa. It has very strong legs, sed Pa, with muscels in them like

these here muscels in my arms, sed Pa.

Say, Pa, I sed, are you always this way in the springtime? I sed.

What do you mean? sed Pa. I mean do you always feel like bragging in the spring? I sed.

Bobbie, sed Pa, be very careful what you say to me. I never brag, sed Pa.

It sounds like bragging to me, sed Pa, but if my own littel son doesn't act to heer how his father used to XL in all kinds of play, sed Pa, then my lips shall remain sealed, sed Pa.

That will be O. K. with me, I sed.

Sum day I will be a big man, I sed, & then I will pay off the mortgage on the old home & you will feel ches to think you galyv me a trimmin, I sed.

I coud see that Pa felt awful cheep. I think most men is sorry after thay punish there littel boys but that doant help the place ware it stings wen you are gitting spanked.

## Twenty Million Families

enjoyed delicious Karo last year—on pancakes, biscuits and served as a spread for children. Also for cooking, baking and candy-making.

Remember Karo home-made candy is best for children—and here is a simple recipe to follow:

## Peanut Brittle

1 cup Karo, Blue Label  
1 cup Brown Sugar  
2 teaspoons Marzola  
2 tablespoons Water  
1 cup Shelled Peanuts

Boil sugar, Karo and water until it is crisp when dropped in cold water. Just before taking from fire add Marzola and nuts. Pour into tin oiled with Marzola.

FREE Write for beautifully illustrated Cook Book to Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. A, Argos, Ill.



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The Great American Syrup

## DOCTOR ORDERED WOMAN OBEYED

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Chicago, Illinois. — "You surely have women one good medicine when you put Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on the market. After I had my baby I was all run down and so nervous it kept me from gaining. My doctor did everything he could to build me up, then he ordered me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am now a well woman. I have had three children and they are all Lydia E. Pinkham babies. I have recommended your medicine to several friends and they speak highly of it. You are certainly doing good work in this world."

—Mrs. ADRIAN TOMSHEK, 10567 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

There is nothing very strange about the doctor directing Mrs. Tomshek to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. There are many physicians who do recommend it and highly appreciate its value.

Women who are nervous, run down, and suffering from women's ailments should give this well-known root and herb medicine a trial. Mrs. Tomshek's experience should guide you towards health.